1st. OF

Bow-Church and Steeple,

Burnt, An. 1666. Rebuilt, 1679.

OR

A Second POEM upon NOTHING!

LOok how the *Country-Hobbs* with wonder ſtock
To ſee the *City-creſt*, turn'd *Weathercock*!
Which with each *ſhifting Gale*, veres to and fro;
London has now got *twelve Strings* to her *Bow*!
The Wind's *South-Eaſt*, and ſtraight the *Dragon* ruffels
His brazen wings, to court the Breeze from *Bruſſels*!
The Wind's at *North*! and now his *Hiſſing fork*,
Whirles round, to meet a flattering gale from *York*!
Boxing the *Compaſs*, with each freſhing Gale,
But ſtill to *London* turns his *threatning Tayle*.
But ſtay! what's there; I ſpy a ſtranger thing;
Our *Red-croſs brooded* by the *Dragon's wing*!
The *wing* is *warm*; but O! beware the *ſting*!
Poor *Engliſh-Croſs*, expos'd to winds, and weathers,
Forc't to ſeek ſhelter in the *Dragon's feathers*!
Ne're had *old Rome* ſo rare a Piece to brag on,
A Temple built to *Great Bell*, and the *Dragon*!
Whilſt yet undaunted *Proteſtants*, dare hope,
They that will worſhip *Bell*, ſhall wear the *Rope*.
O how our Engliſh Chronicles will ſhine!
Burn't, ſixty ſix; *Rebuilt*, in ſeventy nine.
When *Jacob Hall* on his *High Rope* ſhews tricks,
The *Dragon ſtutters*; the *Lord Mayor's Horſe*, kicks;
The *Cheapſide-crowds*, and *Pageants* fearcely know
Which moſt t'admire, *Hall*, *Hobby-horſe*, or *Bow*!

But what mad Frenzy ſet your Zeal on fire,
(*Grave Citizens*!) to Raiſe *Immortal Spire*
On *Sea-coal Baſis*?. which will ſooner yield
Matter to *Burn* a Temple, than to *Build*!
What the *Coals build*, the *Aſhes bury*! no men
Of wiſdom, but would dread the threatning *Omen*!

But ſay (*Proud Dragon*!) now preferr'd ſo High,
What Marvels from that Proſpect doſt thou ſpy?
Weſtward thou ſeeſt, and ſeeing hat'ſt the *Walls*
Of, ſometimes *Rev'rend*, now *Regenerate*, *Pauls*,
Thy envious eyes, ſuch glories cannot brook,
But as *the Devil once o're Lincoln*, look:
And *envys Poiſon*, will thy *Bowels Tear*
Sooner than *Deniel's* Doſe, of *Pitch*, *and Hair*!

Then *Eaſtward*, to avoid that wounding ſight,
Thy Glaring eyes upon the *Mum-glaſs*, light.
Adorn'd with *Monſtrous forms* to clear the ſcope,
How much thou art *out-dragon'd* by the *Pope*.
Ah fools! to dreſs a *Monument of woe*
In *whiſtling Silks*, that ſhould in *Sackcloth*, go!
Nay *ſtrangely wiſe*, our *Senators* appear
To build *That*, and a *Bedlam* in a year,
That if the *Mum-glaſs crack*, they may inherit
An Hoſpital becoming their great merit!

To *Royal Weſtminſter*, next turn thine eye;
Perhaps a Parliament thou mayſt eſpy,
Dragons of old gave Oracles at *Rome*;
Then Propheſie, *their Day*, their *Date*, and *Doom*!

And if thy *Viſual Ray* can *reach the Main*;
Tell's when the *Duke*, new gone, returns again!
Facing about; next view our *Guildhall* well,
Where *Reverend Fox-furrs* charm'd by potent ſpell
Of *Elephants*, (turn'd wrong ſide outward) dare
Applaud the Plays; and yet *hiſs out* the *Player*:
Player! whoſe wiſe Zeal for *City*, *Country*, *King*,
Shall to all points of the wide Compaſs *ring*.
Whilſt *Bow has Bells*, or *Royal Thames a Spring*!

Thy Roving Eye perhaps from *Hague* may ſend's
How the *New League*, has made *old Foes*, *new Friends*.
But let ſubſtantial witneſs, Credence give it,
Or *Ne're believe* me, if the *Houſe believe* it!
If *true*, I fear *too late*! *France* at one ſup,
(*Like Pearls diſſolv'd in* Cleopatra's *Cup*)
Trade, *Empire*, *Neatherlands* has ſwallowed up!

But heark! The Dragon ſpeaks from Brazen Mouth,
Whoſe *words*, though *wind*, are ſpoken in *Good ſooth*!
To you of Ratling fame and great eſteem;
The higher placed, the leſs you ought to ſeem!
To you of noble ſouls, and gallant minds,
Learn to outface (with me) *the Huffing winds*!
To tim'rous feeble ſpirits, that live beneath;
Learn not of me to turn with every breath!
To thoſe who like (*Camelions*) live on *Air*;
Popular Praiſe is thin Conſumptive fare!
To you who *Steeple* upon *Steeple* ſet,
Cut my Cocks-comb, *if e're to Heaven you get.*

FINIS.